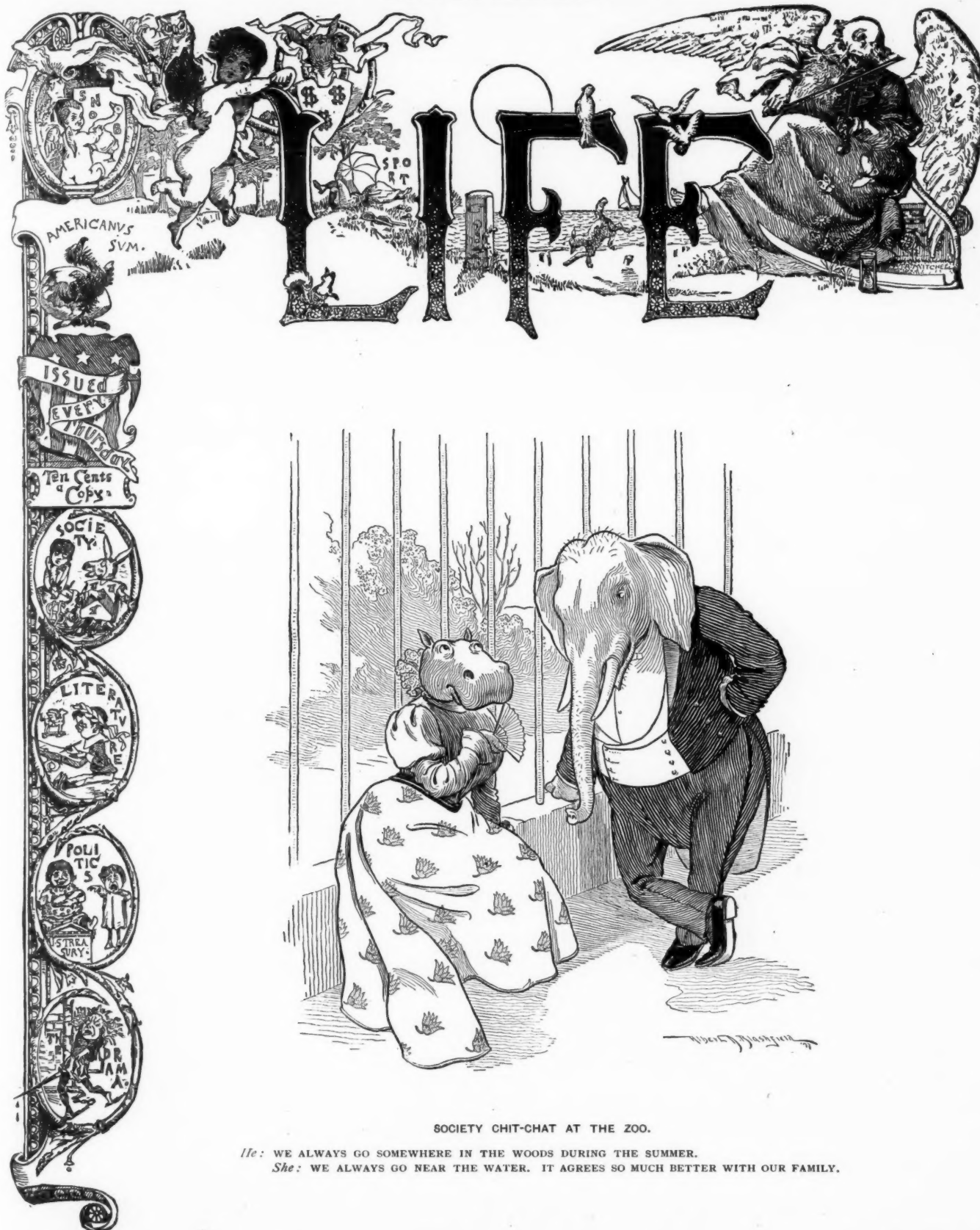


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SOCIETY CHIT-CHAT AT THE ZOO.

He: WE ALWAYS GO SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS DURING THE SUMMER.
She: WE ALWAYS GO NEAR THE WATER. IT AGREES SO MUCH BETTER WITH OUR FAMILY.

The Course of Time

is best measured by a Waltham Watch.

WALTHAM WATCHES, the most accurate it is possible to make, are sold for less money than foreign watches of inferior quality. The "*RIVERSIDE*" and "*ROYAL*" grades are specially recommended. Look for one of these names on the plate, and always the word "*WALTHAM*." The most expensive foreign watch is no better.

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NOTHING BETTER.

"TELL ME, DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER AN IDEAL CASE?"

"A HEALTHY MAN WITH AN INCURABLE DISEASE."

A HYMN OF PEACE.

(By a Confessed Jingo.)

PEACE! Peace! Oh, let us have peace;
Let war and sorrow and discord cease,
While Turkey is gobbling a piece of Greece!

Peace! Peace! Let amity reign,
While Cuba is being devoured by Spain
And the Eagle is flapping his wings in vain.

Peace! Peace! Let the farce be played,
While the Kaffir is caught and neatly flayed
And the Buccaneer plans another raid.

Peace! Peace! Let us smile and wait
While the enemy's guns command our gate;
We can always cry baby and ar-bi-trate!

Peace! Peace! And there's nothing odd
If the Sultan's scourge and the Spaniard's rod
And the Maxim Gun mean the peace of God!
James Jeffrey Roche.

IT doesn't take long to write the biography of the man who never offended anybody.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXX.

JULY 1, 1897.

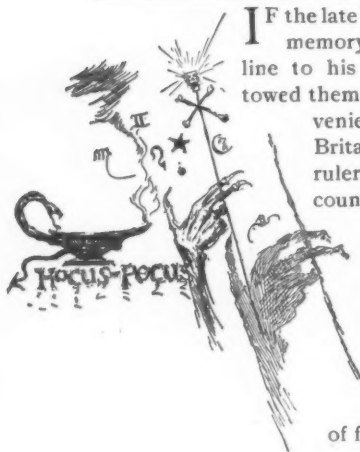
No. 758.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

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IF the late Lord Sandwich of unhallowed memory had seasonably hitched a line to his islands in the Pacific, and towed them home and moored them convenient to the coasts of Great Britain, he would have saved the rulers and other people of this country sundry perplexities and misgivings which most of us would gladly be spared. The islands grow a lot of sugar for which there is a market in this country. If they are annexed, that sugar will come in duty free. The islands have achieved a debt of four million dollars. If they are annexed the interest on that debt will be regularly paid. Of course the folks who own Hawaiian bonds or plantations want annexation. The rest of us are not so eager. The idea of having an outlying American county two thousand miles off shore from San Francisco does not appeal strongly even to our imaginations. The President, however, thinks we ought to let the islands into our family. His annexation treaty has gone to the Senate, and, at this writing, is under Senatorial consideration. LIFE will be perfectly resigned if the treaty hangs fire, as seems likely, until we have further opportunity to inform ourselves as to what perils it involves, and what advantages, if any, it promises.



THE gayety of nations has been perceptibly overshadowed by the suicide of Barney Barnato, the Kaffir king. If ever a man had what is commonly called "good luck," Barney was that man. He was the Fortunatus of the decade, a man with the golden touch. It scandalizes the money-loving world that such a man should have come to such an end. Apparently the load of his successes was greater than he could carry.

His fate teaches us to admire the superior fortitude of some of our own money-getters—our Standard Oil friends in particular—who bear up under a burden of affluence and resulting enterprises and responsibilities that it makes the head swim to contemplate.



IT is asserted that General Stewart L. Woodford, the newly appointed Minister to Spain, cannot speak Spanish. If that is the case he ought not to have the job. It is little less than scandalous to send a Minister to Madrid in times like these who cannot parley with the Spanish Premier in his own tongue. We have the materials in this country for an efficient diplomatic

and consular service. The sooner the spoils system of appointment gives way to the merit system in this branch of governmental employment the better it will be for our credit abroad, and for our home interests. The President has made some first-rate foreign appointments, and some very unfit ones. Any man who can't speak Spanish is unfit to represent this country in Spain or in South America. Our late Minister to Chili, Mr. Strobel, has just been superseded. He is an experienced and accomplished diplomate and scholar, who has served with distinction at Madrid, in the State Department, and elsewhere. The system that turns such men out of places they are competent to fill and puts green hands in is wasteful and altogether deplorable.



A MERITORIOUS fountain statue of Pan has been offered to Central Park, but the Park Commissioners say they cannot find a site in Central Park that is suited to it. The sculpture sharps are satisfied with the statue as a work of art, and there is some disposition to think they ought to let Pan in. Maybe so. Perhaps they will grow some new shrubbery presently and fix up a bower for him. Meanwhile LIFE is not impatient of their hesitation, for Pan, as the sculptor (Mr. Barnard) has expressed him, would not of his own choice stay anywhere in Central Park over night. He has left his trousers at home and has nothing with him except his pipe. If he succeeded in dodging the Park police until nightfall he would surely make a bee line for Westchester County and infest the Bronx River or the Van Courtlandt woods. It is no disparagement of this Pan to say that he is not in harmony with Central Park scenery and associations. The Park Board may be right; so good a work should have a setting that really suits it.

JUNE



— VICTORIA'S JUBILEE. —



LEO'S LATEST



— BETTER STAY ASHORE. —

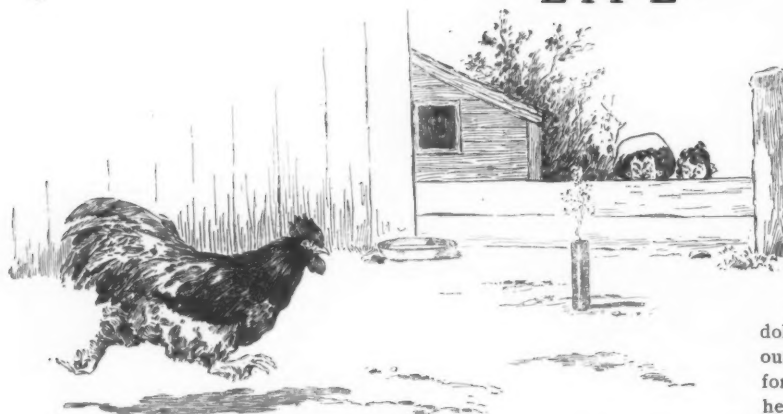


— COACHING PARTY ON THE HUDSON —



— FINALE OF A BACCHIC DANCE —





"WELL, THEY'VE GOT A BIG NERVE TO PUT A THING LIKE THAT IN HERE, TO SCARE THE HENS. I'LL JUST FIRE IT OUT."

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$402 30
In memoriam, Sieg Spingarn.....	20 00
Fort Sill.....	3 10
Clara and Gwendolin.....	2 00
Mortimer Stiefel.....	10 00
J. A.'s.....	500 00
Fresh-Air Fund.....	15 00
	\$952 40

VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

"HOW are your geological studies progressing, Miss Climely?"

"Very nicely, indeed. I found a lovely piece of rock quartz to-day up on the hill back of the hotel. But, unfortunately, I laid it upon my soap dish when I went up to dress, and now I can't tell which is the soap."

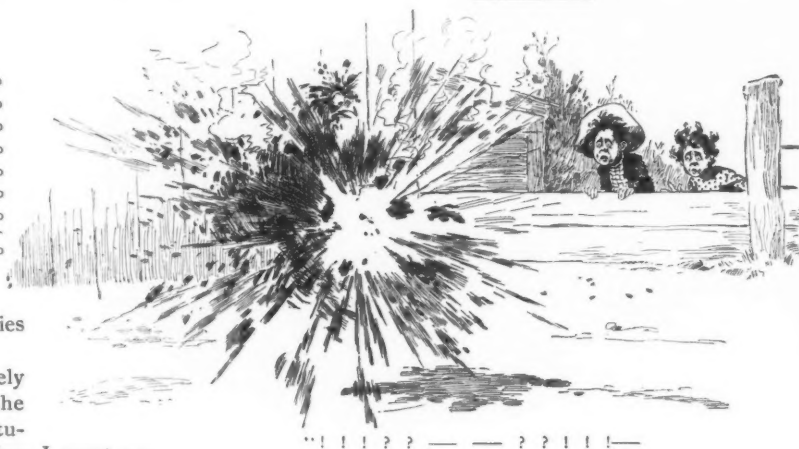


AT THE WELL—LIFE'S FARM.

BOOKSHINES

BROTHER ABNER AND THE RIDDLE OF DEMOCRACY.

THE worst thing about Mr. G. W. Steevens's collection of letters to the *London Mail* from America is its title—"The Land of the Dollar" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). And we have brought that penalty upon ourselves. If our visitors think that the pursuit of the dollar is the sole end of ambition in America, our own newspapers and people are responsible for it. Moreover, Mr. Steevens came over here in the midst of the last campaign to see what it was like. Of course the chief topic



of conversation and the whole dramatic quality of the campaign were furnished by the money question. At any rate, if he did come looking for dollars in everything that he saw, he went back home after the election fully convinced that what the Americans were after was a good, big, honest gold dollar. That, as an end of pursuit, is perhaps better than speculation in Kaffir stocks, or the arduous chase after American heiresses. As the author very generously puts it, American respect for the man of dollars is "simply respect for the power of doing things that without dollars could not be done."

* * *

IF there is too much of the accepted stage and newspaper type of American dollar-chaser in the book, the author has amply atoned for it by seeing a good many good things in the country about which we ourselves are very blind. His most surprising discovery is that the London Common Council ought to be sent to New York to learn "how a city should be organized on the material

side." The elevated railroad and the cable-car system (at which natives are always railing) excite his unbounded admiration.

Even Philadelphia, which is not over-praised at home, arouses the enthusiasm of Mr. Steevens as "beyond all things a civilized city"—because people there own their own brick houses and are not always in a hurry.

Boston is rather loftily patronized as "a paradise of tram-cars" and the home of "intelligent, refined, golden mediocrity," which is hardly taking Boston at her own estimate of herself.

When he comes to Chicago he lets loose a battery of adjectives in order to do justice to "her splendid Chaos." The apostrophe opens with a blazing rocket—"Chicago, queen and gutter-snipe of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world!" Chicago will fairly revel in that. She does not mind being called a cesspool—so long as it is coupled with the statement that it is the biggest cesspool in the world!

BUT even Chicago pales before Abner McKinley—the President's brother. The fact that Mr. Steevens fell



"IF I SHOULD PROPOSE TO YOU, MISS SWIFT, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER FIRST OR NOT."

"IT WOULDN'T BE NECESSARY IF YOU ADDRESSED ME FIRST."

in with brother Abner riding in an ordinary smoking-car—"larking with provincial newspaper reporters and slapped on the back by the conductor of a railway train"—gave his intellect a severe wrench. He asserts that if his fellow-Englishmen can understand *that*, they will "be a good step towards the comprehension of the United States of America." Brother Abner as the solution of the riddle of democracy is a spectacle to make thoughtful Americans tremble. Moreover, we grieve to state that "his trousers were tight; so obviously were his boots"—but brother Abner wasn't.

Of course the book contains the usual allusions to American ice-water, baggage-checks, high-buildings and beautiful but nervous women. But having launched brother Abner as the repository of the Cosmic secret, the author can rest on his laurels for originality. *Droch.*

WE are apt to forget that the value of advice, like that of other commodities, is governed by the law of supply and demand.

HUSBAND: Do you need anything for the house?

WIFE: The cook says there is not enough china to last the week out.



"AND TO THINK THAT FOR THREE YEARS I'VE BEEN THE BEAU BRUMMEL OF THIS YARD!"

DAKOTA

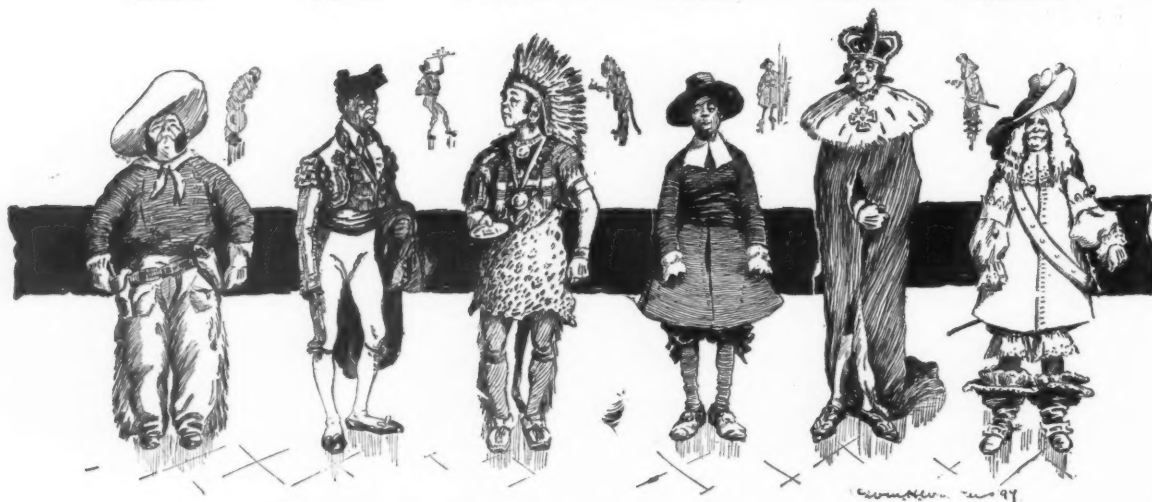
PLAZA

MANHATTAN

HOLLAND

IMPERIAL

BUCKINGHAM



SUGGESTION FOR THE COSTUMING OF SERVANTS AT THE ABOVE HOTELS.

IN A JOYFUL VEIN.

MERRILY spluttered a little match,
When a happy curtain soon did
catch

The warmth of the flame of the merry
match.

Joyously then it upward blazed;
Gladly I stood in the street, nigh crazed;
So pleased that my home so merrily
blazed.
H. M. Whittemore.

A DOLL AND SOME MOONS.

"IT is a beautiful moon," said I, inwardly railing at Mrs. Monty Hines-Tucker for leaving me alone with this little doll, pretty though she may be. Mrs. Monty knows very well that when a man reaches thirty, he cares only for the woman who can make him talk.

"Yes," she said. "Isn't it Victor Hugo who alludes to the sun as '*le grand duc des chandelles*'?"

"Well, yes," I admitted. She might be a doll, but some Edison had taught

her to pronounce French very well. I concluded to sound her repertoire, and see if it extended beyond a little squeaky "Papa" and "Mamma."

"Why, yes," I repeated. "I think there is something of that sort in 'Notre Dame de Paris.'"

"Well, I have always thought, admitting the sun's supremacy, that the moon should be called princess of electric lights, at least."

By Jove, she was beautiful as she said that! Her appreciation of her own *mol* was not inordinate, and I found myself wondering if she had said it before.

"Do you know Heinrich Heine?" I asked.

"Oh, slightly. I think the moon must have reminded you of him. Didn't he remark once that God breaks up the old moons to make stars?"

Her eyes, as she made this remark, were as dreamy as if they had not been mere doll's eyes, and she pronounced the name of God with the tenderest reverence.

"What do you suppose, then," said I, "He does with honeymoons?"

She laughed outright—a laugh so silvery that it matched the moonlight on the water very well indeed.

"Why, considering the way people go on the stage of late, I should think honeymoons were

broken up to make theatrical stars." Then her laugh died away, and she grew serious, even tender, again.

"But one shouldn't laugh about the honeymoon," she continued. "I don't believe that real honeymoons are ever broken up, any more than the real moon ever changes. It only appears different to the world; don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know. It seems to me that it takes the average young couple about as long to get their eyes open as it does a kitten—about nine days."

"What a horrible doctrine. I should hate to think that my honeymoon would be over in just nineteen days."

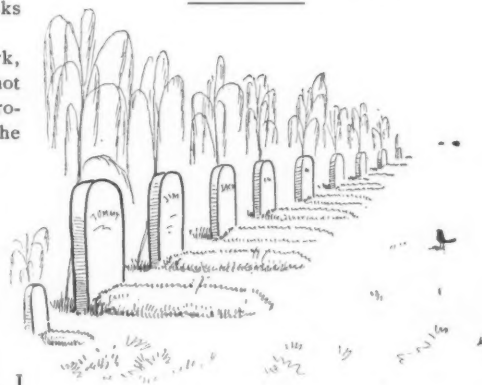
"Just nineteen days?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? I am to be married a week from Wednesday."

John S. Partridge.



THEY THOUGHT IT HAD GONE OUT—



BUT IT HADN'T.

MULIERES.

RUFFLES and puffs and frills,
Flounces and furbelows;
Frocks in a flurry of lace,
That's where the money goes!
Berthas and *gigot* sleeves
Hoops and the Empire waist—
These are the things they wear,
This is their simple taste.

Blue eyes and brown and black
Curls and a dimpled chin,
Blushes to shame the rose,
That's where the rouge comes in!
Glances and smiles and sighs,
Hints of a breaking heart—
These are the tricks they try,
This is their naughty art.

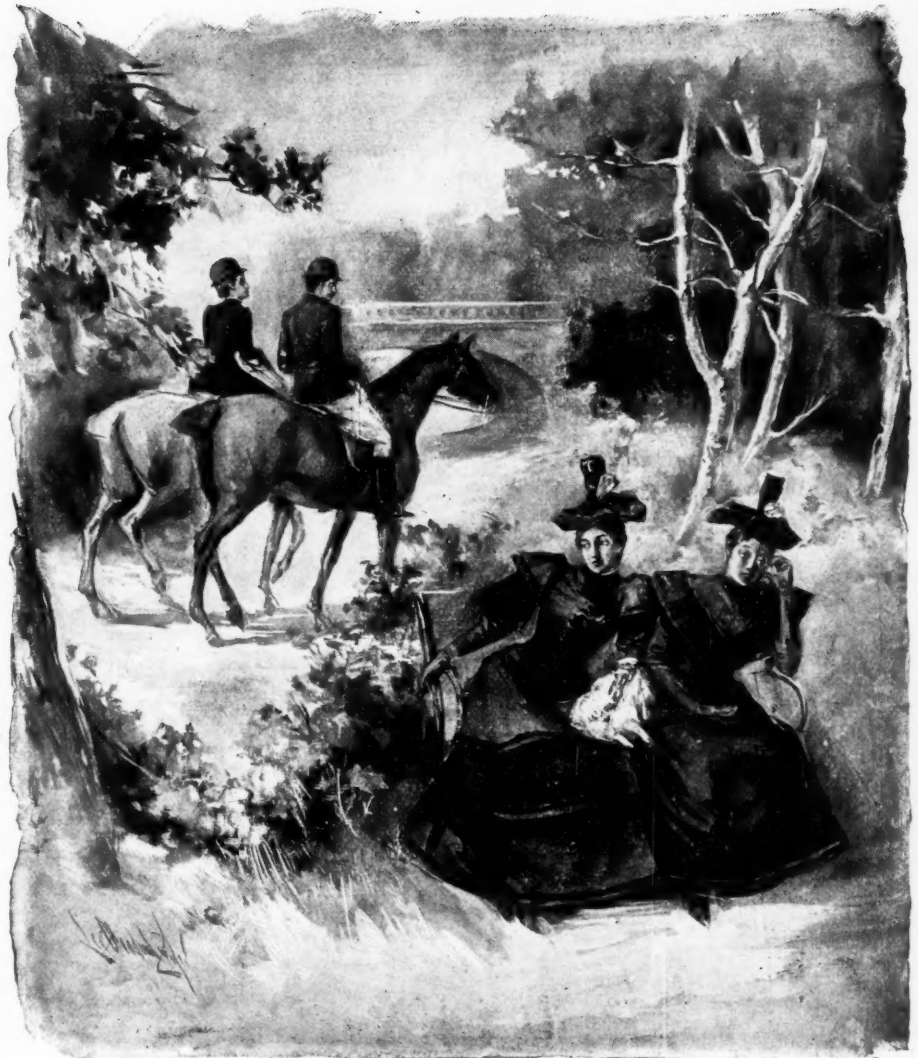
Summer and bloom and song.
Mischievous everywhere.
Go, little rhyme, abroad,
Bid the poor lads beware!
Curls and a dimpled chin,
Ruffles and puffs and frills,
Only to catch a man,
Someone to pay the bills!

M. E. W.

OUR COMPLIMENTS
CHICAGO.

CHICAGO is a big city.
And she does things on a
big scale, in a big way. As for
the Fair, it is not only bigger than
any previous effort of a like nature,
but it is far more artistic.

One looks back upon it as upon
a dream of another world:
a magic creation on an unheard-
of scale. No words can convey
a just impression of the
effect produced by this triumph
of art and architecture. LIFE
takes off his hat to the American
city having the public spirit, the
energy and the consummate
taste to summon such glories
into existence.



"THOSE SPINSTER GIRLS REMIND ME OF EGGS."

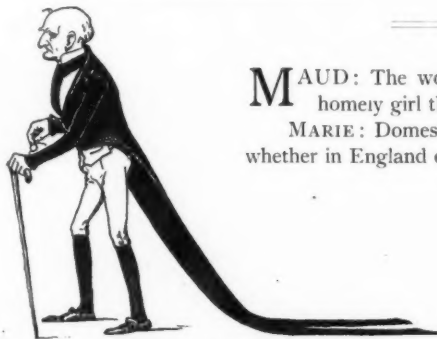
"EGGS?"

"THEY NEVER LOOK THEIR AGE."

SAME THING IN THE END.

MAUD: The word "homely" is not used in the same way in England as it is in America. A
homely girl there means one who is fond of domestic surroundings.

MARIE: Domestic surroundings are the only things a homely girl has a chance of being fond of,
whether in England or America.



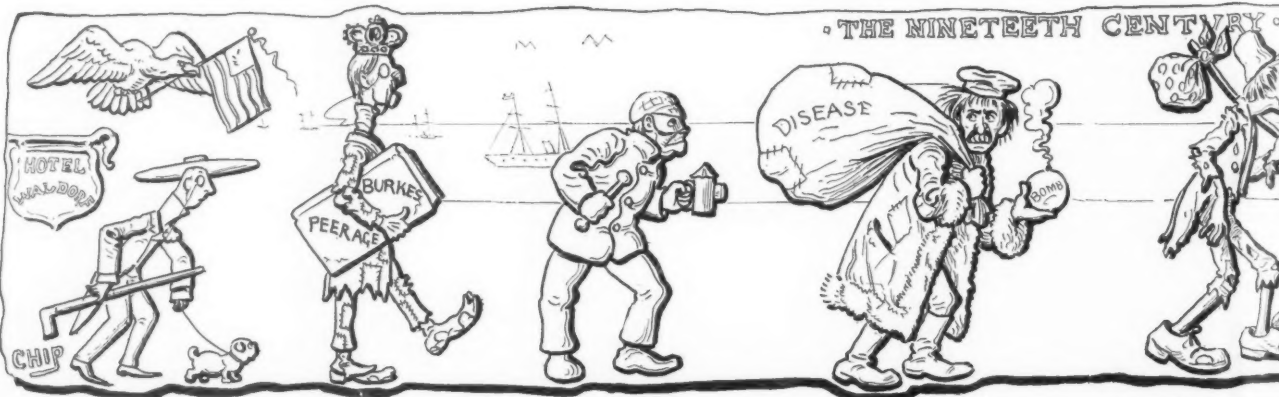
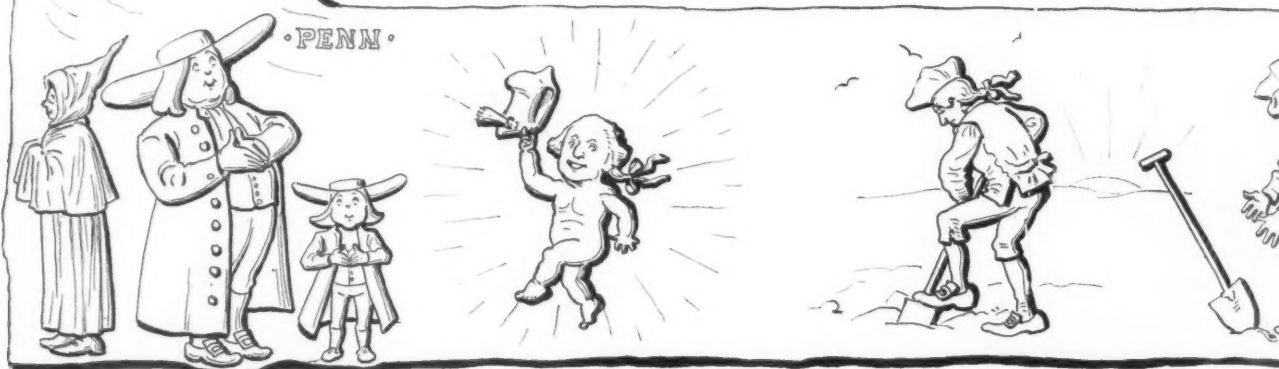
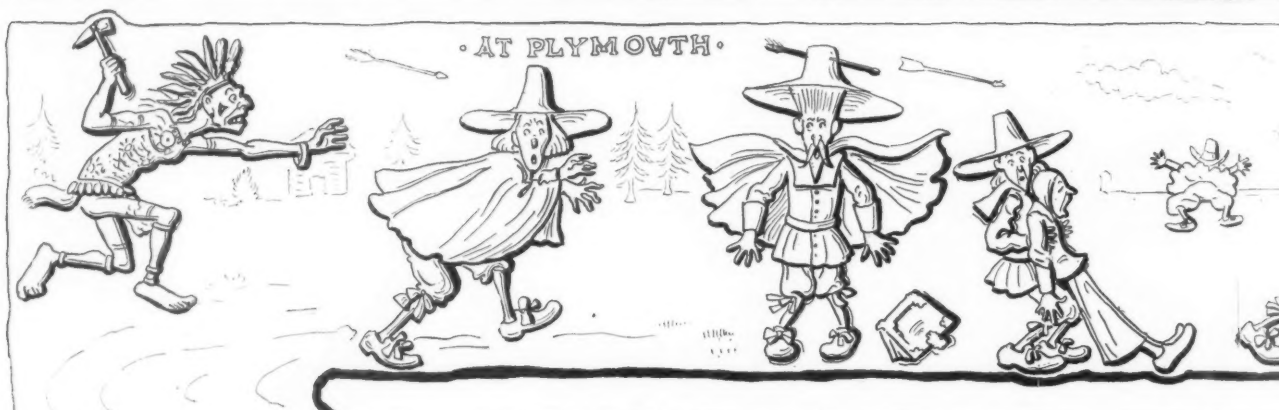
"TAILS OF A GRANDFATHER."

HIS HONOR: Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?

THE CONVICTED: Yes, your Honor, I have one simple request to
make: In sentencing me, please don't say that I was convicted by a jury of
my peers.

BROUNE: What makes Charlie Softe look so gloomy?

SMYTHE: They say he's been blackballed by Sorosis.







"WEREN'T YOU SURPRISED WHEN HE PROPOSED?"

"NO. WHY SHOULD I BE?"

"EVERYBODY ELSE WAS."

RATHER ONE-SIDED.

"WHEN you leave Brooklyn for the summer you should go to some quiet little place, where you can have a good long rest," said George Holdington to his fiancée.

"Oh, I don't want to rest; I want to have some fun," pouted Esther.

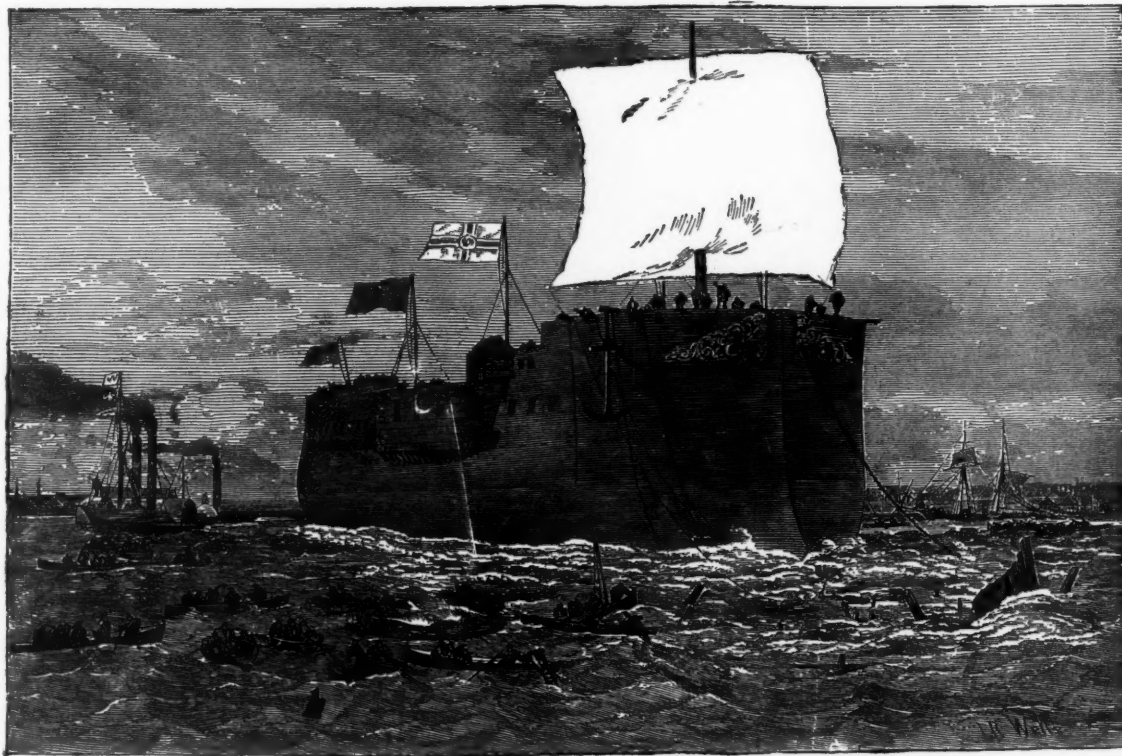
"Haven't you had fun enough this winter? I'm sure you must be nearly worn out. Haven't we belonged to the Clason Avenue German, and the Hanson Place Bowling Club? And we've gone to the theatre once a week, and then we've had our choir rehearsal, and every Wednesday night you had your sewing class at the Young Women's Christian Association, besides all the Progressive Euchre parties and Authors' reading and lectures we've been to. I should think that was enough for any girl."

"Pooh!" observed Esther. "Those things were well enough while they lasted, but I'm going in for a really good time now. I want to go to some awfully swell place, like Bar Harbor or Asbury Park."

"I'm afraid you are a little inclined to be giddy," said



Tramp: LITTLE GIRL, IS THERE ANY COTTAGE AROUND HERE WHERE I CAN GET A PLATEFUL OF ANYTHING BESIDE CHICKEN AND ASPARROWGRASS? FOR THE LAST WEEK I'VE HAD NOTHIN' BUT ASPARROWGRASS AN' CHICKEN; CHICKEN AN' ASPARROWGRASS. IF YOU COULD ONLY TELL ME WHERE I COULD STRIKE A PLATE OF GOOD, OLD FASHIONED BEEF, OR EVEN A SIMPLE SALAD, I'D BLESS YOU!



NEWPORT HARBOR.

SHOWING DINGEY OF PIERPONT VAN ASTORBILT, JUST AFTER WINNING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND CUP.

fees are sky-scrapers; it impresses the transient foreigner as being as gaudy and vulgar as even dear old London, for its members are close students of the manners of their grooms and butlers; and after a season there the dullest nobleman must believe the truth of the Astorian aphorism, "America is no place for a gentleman to live in."

Newport amuses itself in many ways in warm weather. Those on furlough from the Jaggeries visit Narragansett frequently; polo and tennis enthrall the girls; and men who are restrained by tearful relatives from chasing tigers in India and mosquitoes in Jersey, go forth upon the trail of the fierce, relentless anise bag. Bathing, also, is a popular diversion. The bike is the latest fashion, and simply transfers the bloomer exhibit from the sand to the wheel. In Newport is the ancestral Casino, the father of all watering-place casinos, where dancing limbers fashionable limbs and cocktails unlimber them, and where fat beaus and hand-painted belles discuss their neighbors' sins.

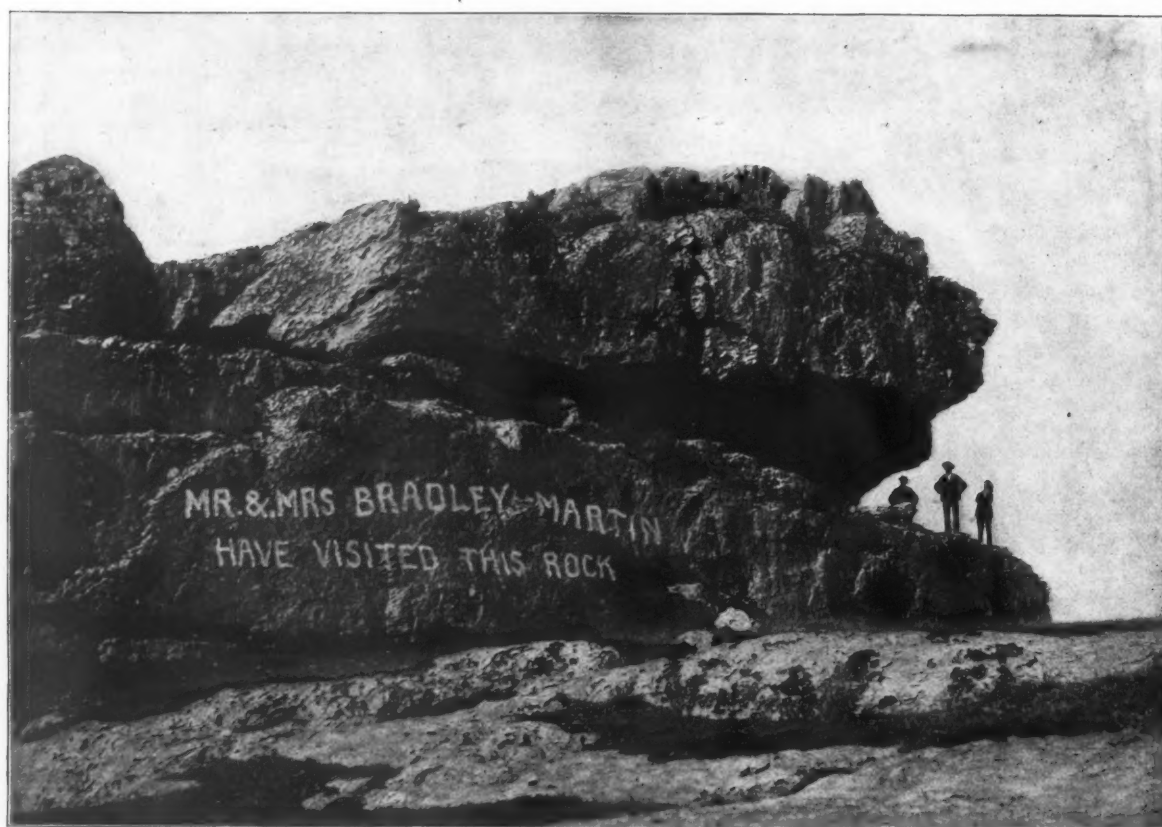
Some people at Newport go in for ancestry and that sort of thing, but as a rule dead ancestors are left undisturbed, to prevent impertinent inquiries. Cash is the basis of social worth, and ancestors as a rule are too decomposed to pay



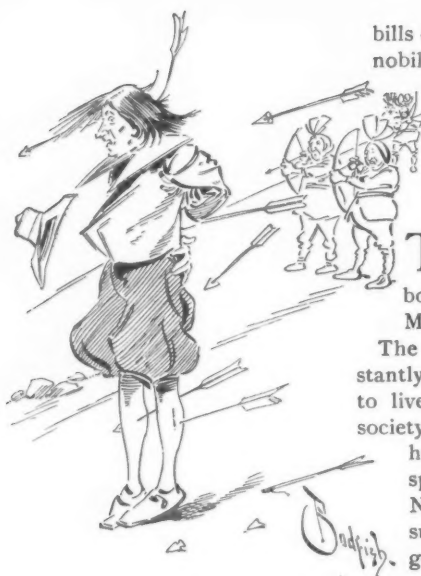
THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Jim: CYNTHIA, IF I CHUCK MYSELF FROM YONDER CLIFT WILL YER BERLIEVE I LOVE YER, AN' THEN WILL YER MARRY ME?

Cynthia: MARRY YER THEN? NO, JIM, NO! I COULDN'T NEVER BE HAPPY WID YOUR REMNANTS.



A VIEW AT NEWPORT.



GETTING POINTS FROM A FEW WELL-RED MEN.

bills or to furnish credit. This rule makes the nobility and gentry civil to each other, and renders promotion easier for the fellows who hope to pass an old age of leisure at Newport instead of in State institutions, but who are now engaged in looting railroads and bunkoing widows and orphans.

* * *

THE hyphen at Newport is the solemn badge of superiority. Martin is nobody; Bradley means nothing; but Bradley-Martin means blue blood.

The membership of Newport's nobility is constantly changing. The busted aristocrat retires to live on the ragged edge where trade meets society, and to exploit apologetic shops, where he is patronized by those still solvent, and spoken to familiarly by the coming rich. New blood comes from the waiting list of successful financiers, who have been undergoing a probation of snubbing, toadying and nickel-plated splurging. When they arrive the women are dazed with their luck and

blow themselves riotously; the men live days of toil and plunder to pay the piper, and pass nights of mortification and rage trying to conceal their unfitness for what is jocosely termed "polite society."

Newport's villas, castles and mansions extend along the cliffs overlooking the sea, and have an Oriental splendor about them. Thanks to landscape gardeners, architects, milliners and upholsterers, the nobility are garbed and housed in the semblance of civilization, and if a school for decent manners could be added to the Casino, they would be made tolerable to the ordinary American.

* * *

EXCURSIONISTS rush to Newport in hordes and are allowed to gaze on the curiosities when chaperoned by respectable hackmen, who point out the gilded cages and name

the animals. But the common herd is not allowed to use the society strand for bathing; it is bad enough to allow them to use the same ocean; but we must expect a painful indifference to vested rights in a republic

that howled at a Van Alen, with one "I." It is a noble privilege for our lower classes to be allowed to view the nobility without an admission fee, and our upper classes seem willing to be gazed on; for what is the use of spending money on things if no one comes to envy us their possession?

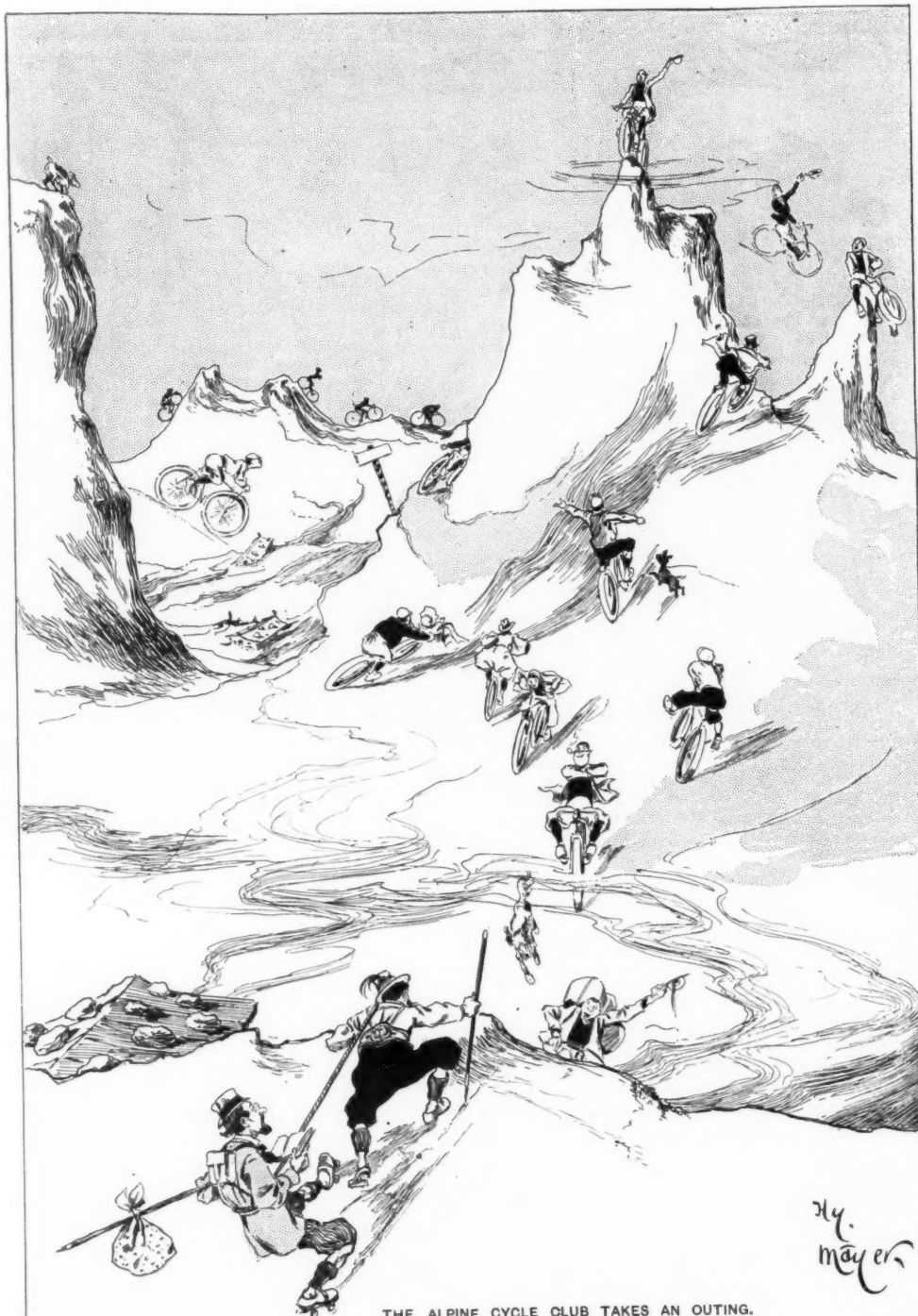
Newport has an ancient, ruined mill, nearly as interesting as the shop-keeping ruins of aristocrats on Fifth Avenue, or the pseudo-Norman castles of Lenox.

The Rhode Island legislature meets occasionally at Newport when there is no flower parade or amateur circus, and it is allowed, in its official capacity, to look at the lawns and present legal opportunities for dodging taxes and facilitating divorces.

After a season of splurge and pretension at Newport, if the cash holds out, the aristocrat is eligible for admission to an abandoned farm at Lenox, where he can set up a family homestead and butler, with retainers and ancestral trimmings.

In fine, Newport is practically the pinnacle of American social aspiration, where cash will admit anyone, from Captain Kidd to the latest train robber; and he who enters therein can confidently count on that sum of human glory—a paragraph in the society columns of the New York press. Newport, in fact, means money; and money is now a synonym for breeding, manners, taste, decency and ordinary morals.

Joseph Smith.



THE ALPINE CYCLE CLUB TAKES AN OUTING.



THAT SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

So stately and so dignified
She looks in cap and gown,
I hardly dare to speak to her,
This grad of great renown.
I scarcely can believe my eyes!
It surely can't be she
Who always seemed so very shy,
So very coy to me!
But suddenly the spell departs,
And I give thanks to Fate:
For anxiously she asks me if
Her mortar board's on straight.

—Harvard Lampoon.

"WELL, Mary," asked the Modern Husband, "what have you been doing to-day?"

The Modern Woman was taking off her bonnet.

"Everything," she answered. "I've had such a busy day you can't imagine. At nine this morning we had a reading at Mrs. X's—such a beautiful reading. Mrs. X. read us a paper on the 'Architecture of the Probable Capital of Mars'—I do wish you could have heard it, dear—and after that Professor W. gave us a little talk on the 'Microscopic Insects of Central Africa.' It was so interesting."

"It must have been."

"Then at eleven there was a meeting of the 'Seventeen Great Religions Club,' and at eleven-thirty a meeting of the ways and means committee of the 'Society for the Reformation of Murderers.'"

"Yes."

"And at noon I lunched with Mrs. Z."

"Yes."

"And in the afternoon we went to the Spring theatricals of the 'Women's Garrick Club.' And then coming home I saw such a lovely child playing in the street in front of our house. Such a dear little boy! I quite wanted to kiss him. I wonder whose child he is."

"Did he have yellow hair?" asked the Modern Man.

"Yes."

"And blue eyes?"

"Beautiful blue eyes."

"And an old shirt waist?"

"Oh, a horrid shirt waist!"

"Then I know whose child he is."

"Well?"

"He's ours."—*Boston Budget.*

A FRENCH politician and bully named Choquart, who flourished some years ago, one morning went into Tortoni's restaurant and said to a waiter: "Bring me the *Constitutionnel*." "Sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it's being read just now." He indicated a stout gentleman across the room. Choquart went over where the stout gentleman sat, and after hemming and hawing in a significant way without attracting the man's attention, said flatly to him: "Sir, I want to read the *Constitutionnel*." The man turned and said: "I am nearly done with it, sir, and in about five minutes I shall have pleasure in delivering it to you." "But I want it now!" said Choquart. So the quarrel went on, until



HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK.

The Real Condition of Cuba To-Day. By Stephen Bonsal. (60c.)

"*Hell for Martin*," and Other Stories. By John Fox, Jr.

"*Bobbo*," and Other Fancies. By Thomas Wharton.

Susan's Escort, and Others. By Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Peters. By Riccardo Stephens, M. B. C. M.

F. TENNYSON NEELY: NEW YORK.

A Bar Sinister. By St. George Rathborne.

"*Odd Folks*." By Opie Read.

The Honor of a Princess. B. F. Kimball Scribner.

Montessor. By Looata.

Concordance to the Greek Testament. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Montaigne's Essays. New York: The Macmillan Company.

there was a challenge and a duel, in which Choquart received a sword-thrust that kept him in bed three months. As soon as he was able to go out he went one morning to Tortoni's for his chocolate. "Bring me the *Constitutionnel*," he said to the waiter. "Sorry, sir, but it's being read." And there was the same stout gentleman across the room, tranquilly taking his coffee and reading the *Constitutionnel*. Choquart glared at him. "Singular individual, that," said he to the waiter; "he reads the *Constitutionnel* yet, after the lesson I gave him three months ago."—*Argonaut.*

"Won't it be delightful when we all have flying machines!"

"I don't know about that; of course our credit will all have them, too."—*Chicago Record.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

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"And pfawt's that?" asked the Irish porter.

"A letter without any signature. That makes the third one I received in two weeks."

"Perhaps," said Mike, "perhaps the poor man cannot write his name at all."

—*Dublin World.*

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THE head teacher in a Sunday school was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition. Seeing one boy a little taller than the others talking a great deal, he leaned over, hoisted him over the partition and banged him into a chair in his room, saying:

"Now, be quiet."

A quarter of an hour later a small head appeared round the door and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."—*Tit-Bits*.

SOME time ago, Manager Wardlow, of a telegraph office in Brazil, took a telegram which read:

"Miss —, will you be mine?"

It was delivered to the proper party, and soon she came tripping into the office to wire her reply. It read:

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

Ten words, you see, and she paid her quarter, and then tripped out of the room with the sweetest kind of a blush.—*Evansville Courier*.

ANENT the prevailing discussion as to the highest speed ever attained by expert shorthand writers, there is a story going the rounds of the feat of a Georgia court stenographer, which by long odds broke the world's record in that line of work.

It was when that eminent jurist, the late Judge Richard Clarke, was

presiding in the Atlanta circuit of the Superior Court. One of the most remarkable murder trials was in progress. The evidence was conflicting, and the Judge was called upon to charge the jury on some decidedly new and interesting legal points. Now the Judge was a rapid talker. In this instance it was very important that every word he spoke should be correctly recorded, and he so cautioned the stenographer.

Then Judge Clarke began. As he warmed up to his charge he was speaking at the rate of two hundred and fifty words a minute. Once he glanced toward the stenographer. That worthy official seemed to be half sleeping over his work and apparently writing very slowly.

"Mr. —, are you getting my words down correctly?" asked the Judge.

At this the stenographer seemed to wake up. With little concern he replied: "That's all right, Judge, fire away. I am about fifteen words ahead of you now!"—*Washington Post*.

A CLERGYMAN says that he was one day called down into his parlor to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?" to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride, laconically, "but it was twenty years ago, and he fell off a barn and killed himself when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

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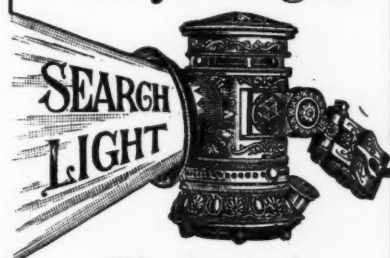
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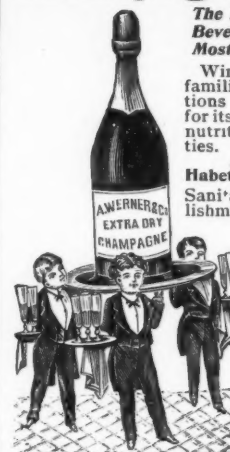
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